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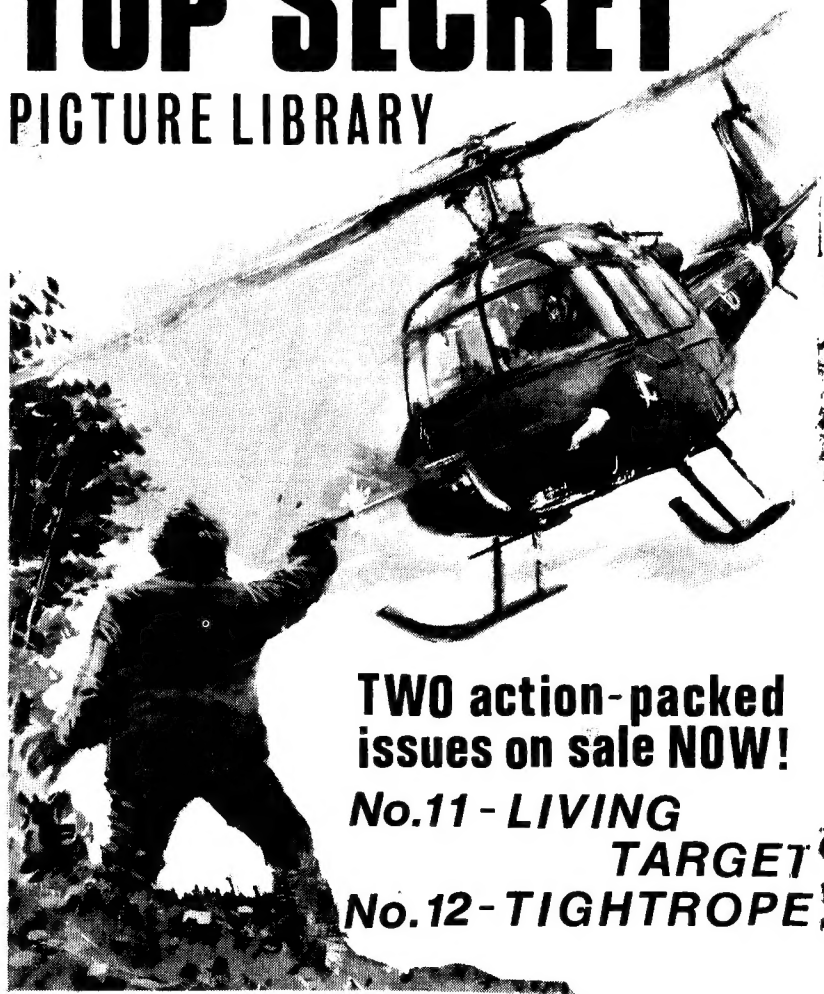
WOLF PACK



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WOLF PACK

WHEN A MAN'S LIFE IS IN DANGER HE WILL FIGHT DESPERATELY FOR SURVIVAL. . . AND NO HOLDS BARRED, HOW MUCH MORE SO WHEN IT IS THE SURVIVAL OF A NATION THAT IS AT STAKE AS WAS THE CASE OF GREAT BRITAIN DURING THE EARLY YEARS OF THE WAR.




NAZI U-BOATS HAD A DEATH GRIP ON HER LIFELINE OF SUPPLIES, THE TRANSATLANTIC CONVOYS. THAT GRIP OF DEATH HAD TO BE BROKEN . . .

:PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED JULY 1968

Chapter 1. *R.I.P. H.M.S. NIMBLE*


THE MEN WHO HUNTED THE U-BOATS WERE DEDICATED MEN . . . DEDICATED TO THE DESTRUCTION OF THE KILLERS OF THE DEEP.



HA! WE'VE
FLUSHED THE BLIGHTER
OUT! GUN CREWS
...OPEN FIRE!

LOOKS AS
THOUGH THE CREW
ARE ABANDONING
SHIP, SIR . . .

BUT LIEUTENANT COMMANDER BRADLEY DID NOT CANCEL THAT ORDER . . . AND THE CORVETTE'S GUNS BARKED VICIOUSLY.



WE GAVE THEM THE SAME CHANCE
THEY WOULD GIVE US, NUMBER ONE—
NONE!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT,
SIR . . . THEY WERE PROBABLY
RUNNING TO MAN THE GUN!

THE END OF THE U-BOAT CAME WITH STUNNING SUDDENNESS... AND STILL THERE WERE FEW THOUGHTS OF PITY FOR THE MEN TRAPPED WITHIN THAT STEEL COFFIN AS IT SLID BACK BENEATH THE WAVES.



THE SHOCKED SURVIVORS STRUGGLING FEEBLY IN THE OILY WATER WERE ANOTHER MATTER. THESE MEN COULD DO NO-ONE ANY HARM AND THE CORVETTE'S CREW CHEERFULLY HAULED THEM TO SAFETY.



COME ON, JERRY...
THE WAR IS OVER FOR
YOU!

DANKE...
DANKE!

H.M.S. NIMBLE HAD A JOB TO DO... A CONVOY TO PROTECT FROM OTHERS OF THE UNDERSEA WOLF PACK.



STARBOARD TEN...
MAXIMUM REVS.
KEEP A SHARP
LOOK-OUT...

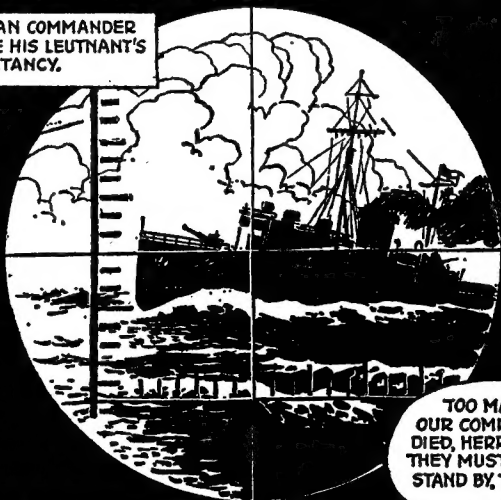
RARELY DID THE U-BOATS HUNT ALONE,
SO IT WAS NOW . . .

DONNERWETTER!
SHARK ONE IS KAPUT!
THE SWINISH ENGLANDER
SHALL PAY FOR THAT!



I DO NOT LIKE IT,
HERR KAPITAN... THE
ENGLANDER IS NO FAT
MERCHANTMAN ASKING
FOR A TORPEDO...

BUT THE GERMAN COMMANDER
BRUSHED ASIDE HIS LEUTNANT'S
CAUTIOUS HESITANCY.



TOO MANY OF
OUR COMRADES HAVE
DIED, HERR LEUTNANT.
THEY MUST BE AVENGED.
STAND BY, TORPEDOES...

H.M.S. NIMBLE HAD BEEN TOO LONG IN THOSE
PERILUS SEAS TO RELAX AFTER A KILL . . .

PERISCOPE ON THE
PORT BOW!



**HARD
'A' STARBOARD!**

Wolf Pack



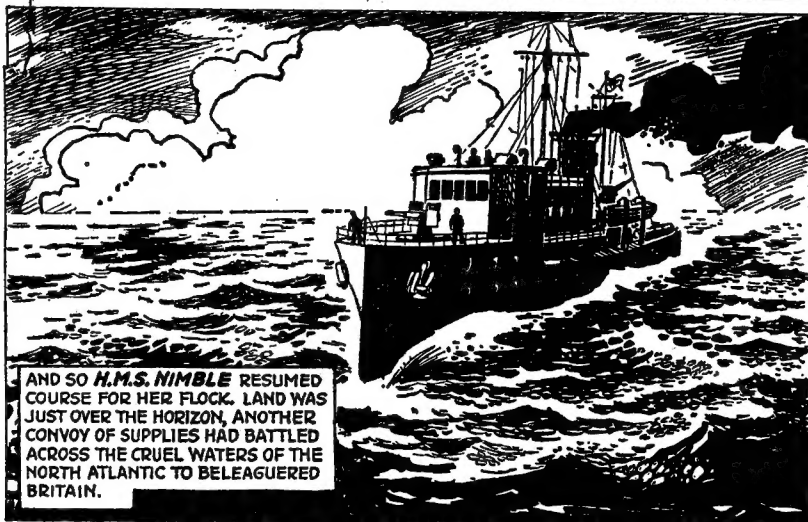
LIEUTENANT COMMANDER BRADLEY WAS ALREADY RACING UP TO THE BRIDGE AS LIEUTENANT JIMMY ROGERS SWUNG THE SHIP BACK TOWARDS THE ENEMY.



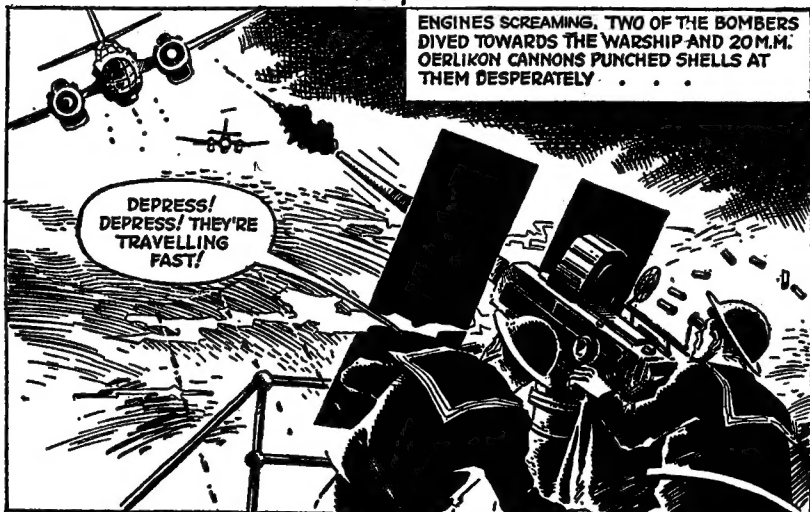
THE PINGING ON THE ASDIC WAS GAINING IN STRENGTH WITH EVERY SECOND . . .



AS THE U-BOAT'S LIEUTENANT HAD SAID, IT WAS NOT A SLUGGISH MERCHANTMAN UNDER ATTACK, BUT AN ALERT, DEADLY EFFICIENT U-BOAT HUNTER.



Wolf Pack



TONS OF WATER CASCADED ON TO THE BRIDGE... BUT THE STICK OF BOMBS HAD MISSED. BRADLEY MEASURED THE NEXT BOMBER'S APPROACH CALCULATINGLY... WAITING... WAITING...



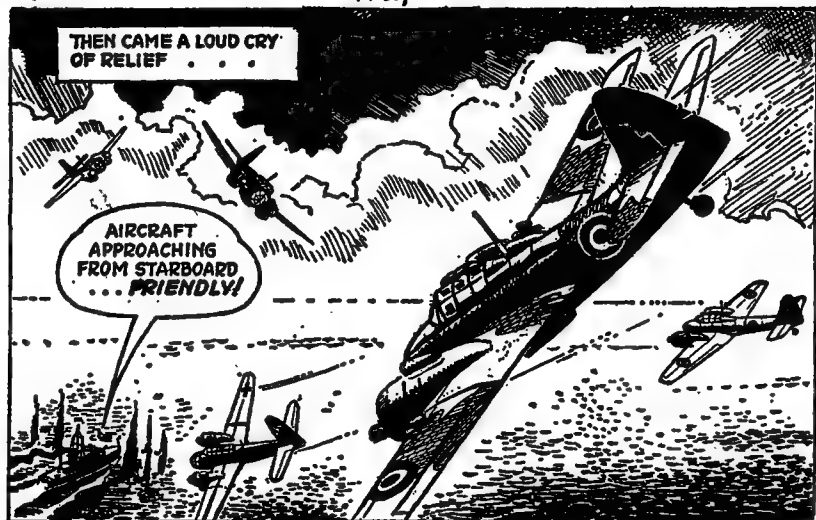
HARD
A- PORT!
FULL
REVOLUTIONS!



AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE ATTACKERS SWOOPED IN AND *H.M.S. NIMBLE* LIVED UP TO HER NAME, SWERVING AND WEAVING DEXTEROUSLY AMONG THE WATERSPOUTS . . .

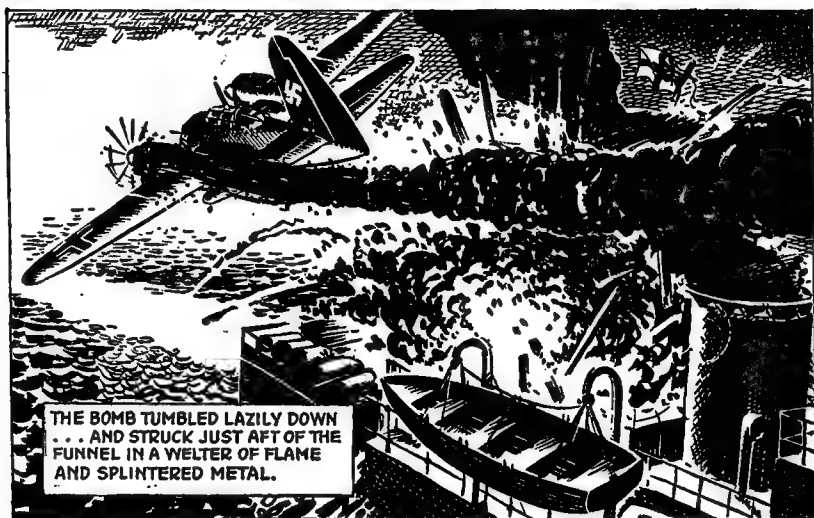
THEN CAME A LOUD CRY
OF RELIEF . . .

AIRCRAFT
APPROACHING
FROM STARBOARD
... FRIENDLY!



MULTIPLE MACHINE GUNS HAMMERING VENGEFULLY, THE BEAUFIGHTERS SET ABOUT THE
ENEMY BOMBERS AND SOON SMOKE AND FLAME STREAKED THE SKY . . .





H.M.S. NIMBLE STAGGERED UNDER THE BLOW. ALREADY FIRE PARTIES WERE DEALING WITH THE FLAMES AS THE OFFICERS ON THE BRIDGE CLIMBED TO THEIR FEET . . .



FOR WEARY, PERILOUS MONTHS **NIMBLE** HAD FOUGHT THE ENEMY WITHOUT A SINGLE CASUALTY. NOW, ONLY AN HOUR OR TWO AWAY FROM PORT, FATE HAD DEALT HER A CRUEL BLOW . . . AND THERE WERE MORE TO COME!



H.M.S. NIMBLE WOULD BE REPAIRED, BUT THAT TOOK TIME. THE SEA WAR COULD NOT WAIT. FOR HER CREW, A SHORT LEAVE WAS FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER SHIP . . . A BRAND NEW FRIGATE, **H.M.S. SLOAN**.



WITH SOME TREPIDATION, THE EX-CREW OF **NIMBLE** CLIMBED ABOARD THE FRIGATE.



ON THE BRIDGE, TOO, THINGS WERE VERY DIFFERENT, AS LIEUTENANT JIMMY ROGERS QUICKLY FOUND.

WELCOME ABOARD *SLOAN*, GENTLEMEN. THE SHIP IS FILTHY. I WANT HER CLEAN BY EIGHT BELLS TOMORROW. IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?

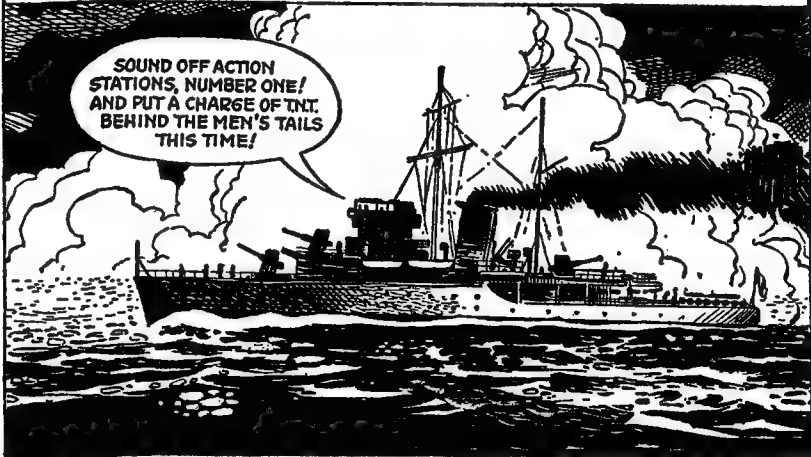
THE MEN HAVE ONLY JUST JOINED, SIR...

COMMANDER MILLER GLARED AT THEM UNBLINKINGLY.

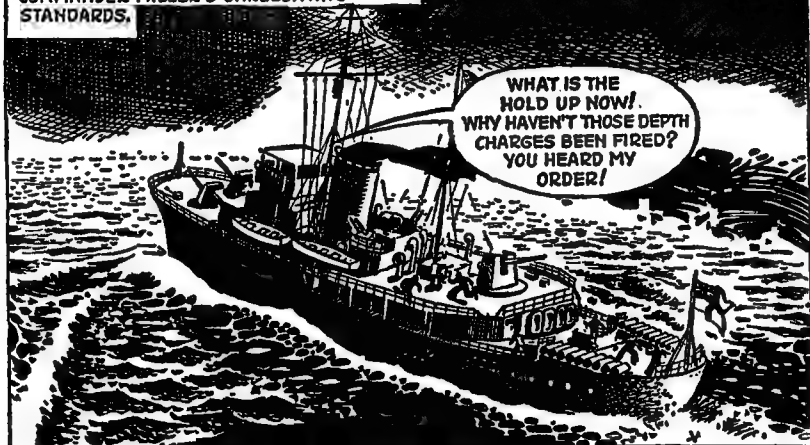
ALL THE MORE REASON FOR THEM TO CLEAN SHIP AT ONCE. WE DO NOT LIVE IN A PIGSTY. I MEAN TO START AS I INTEND TO GO ON AND YOU WILL FIND I RUN A TAUT SHIP!

THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF *H.M.S. SLOAN* FOUND OUT JUST HOW TAUT A SHIP MILLER DID RUN IN THE WORKING-UP PERIOD THAT FOLLOWED. . . .

SOUND OFF ACTION STATIONS, NUMBER ONE! AND PUT A CHARGE OF TNT. BEHIND THE MEN'S TAILS THIS TIME!



RESENTFUL OF THIS BADGERING TREATMENT, THE CREW INVARIABLY FELL SHORT OF COMMANDER MILLER'S UNRELENTING STANDARDS.



LIEUTENANT HALL AND HIS DEPTH CHARGES HAD ALWAYS WORKED PERFECTLY FOR LIEUTENANT COMMANDER BRADLEY. NOW, HE STAMMERED AN EXCUSE FOR THE DELAY...



LIEUTENANT BROWN, THE NEW NAVIGATOR, ALSO FELT THE LASH OF MILLER'S TONGUE.



ALL IN ALL, **SLOAN'S** CREW WERE HEARTILY GLAD TO FINISH WORKING-UP AND JOIN AN ESCORT GROUP FOR CONVOY DUTY . . .



AS THE ESCORT VESSELS TOOK STATION AND THE CONVOY HEADED OUT INTO THE GREY EXPANSE OF THE ATLANTIC, COMMANDER MILLER SPOKE TO HIS OFFICERS . . .



THIS IS THE FIRST OPERATIONAL VOYAGE OF *SLOAN*, GENTLEMEN, AT LAST WE ARE GETTING TO GRIPS WITH THE U-BOATS ... IN FACT, SEVEN WERE SUNK ON THE LAST INWARD CONVOY. BUT IF YOU THINK THAT'S THE END OF THE U-BOAT WAR, YOU'LL FIND YOURSELVES VERY MUCH MISTAKEN.

A STRANGE FIRE BURNED DEEP IN MILLER'S EYES AS HE SPOKE . . .



BUT WE'RE GOING TO CRUSH THE U-BOAT MENACE, NEVER FEAR . . .

... IN FACT, THE NAZIS WILL HAVE TO INVENT A NEW SECRET WEAPON TO STOP THE ANTI-SUBMARINE FORCES NOW!

COMMANDER MILLER STALKED OFF, LEAVING BEHIND HIM IN THE WARDROOM AN UNEASY SILENCE. THEN HALL SPOKE SOFTLY . . .



THERE'S SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH THE SKIPPER! DID YOU SEE THE WAY HIS FISTS WERE CLENCHED?

YOU'RE RIGHT, HALL. I'D SAY HE WAS A VERY SICK MAN . . .

BUT LIEUTENANT JIMMY ROGERS SHOOK HIS HEAD . . .



THREE DAYS OUT, THE FIRST OF THE U-BOAT ATTACKS BEGAN AND WAS BEATEN OFF. . .



DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS, THE WOLF PACKS
SLASHED AT THE FLANKS OF THE CONVOY...
AND DREW BLOOD TIME AND AGAIN.



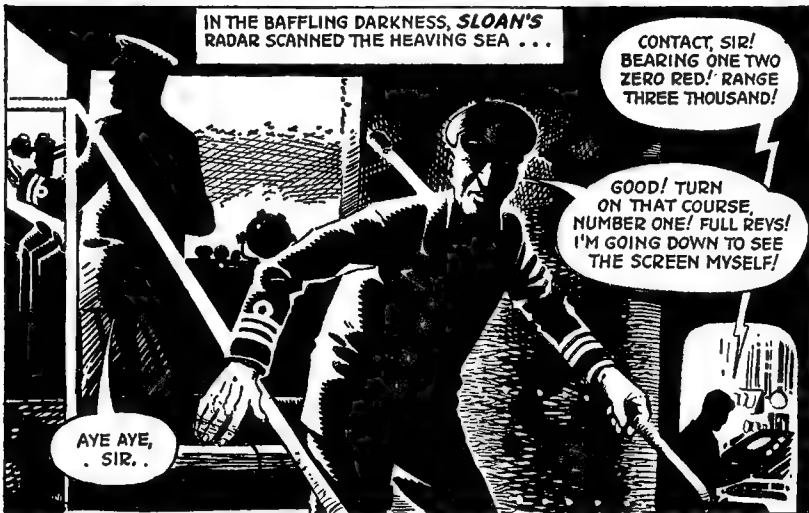
H.M.S. SLOAN RAN HERSELF RAGGED AROUND THE CONVOY... BUT FAILED TO CLAIM
A SINGLE U-BOAT.

WELL, THIS ISN'T ANYTHING
LIKE THE OLD **NIMBLE**, JIMMY.
LUCK'S NOT WITH US!

YOU'RE
RIGHT THERE!
WHAT THIS SHIP
NEEDS IS A
KILL!

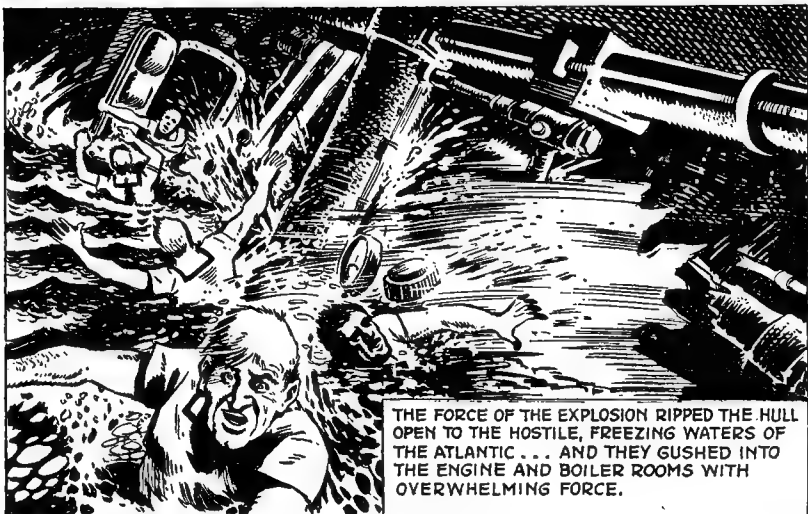
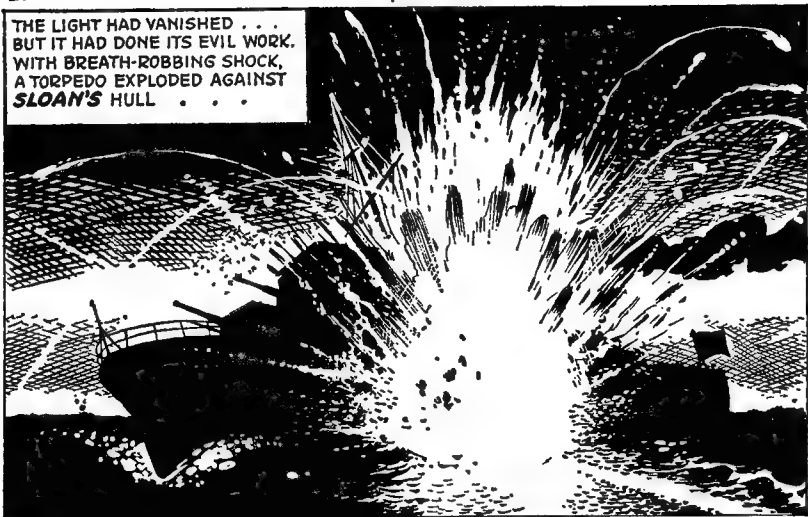


Chapter 2. The Traitor!



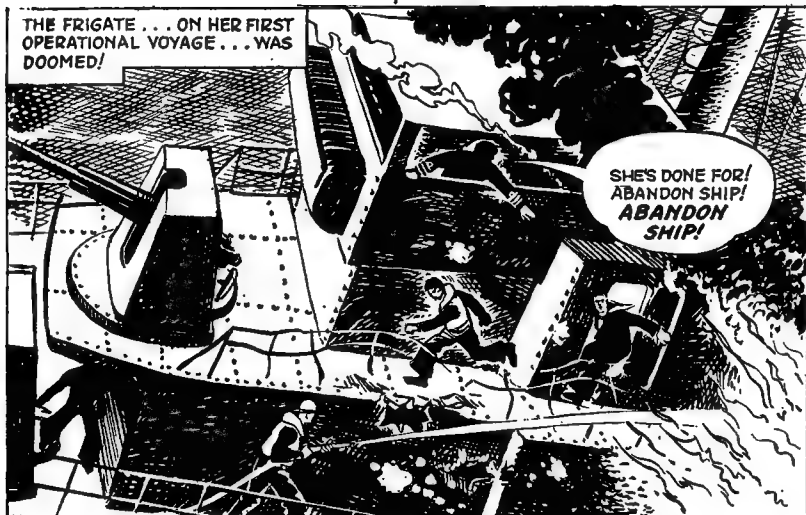


THE LIGHT HAD VANISHED . . .
BUT IT HAD DONE ITS EVIL WORK.
WITH BREATH-ROBBING SHOCK,
A TORPEDO EXPLODED AGAINST
SLOAN'S HULL . . .

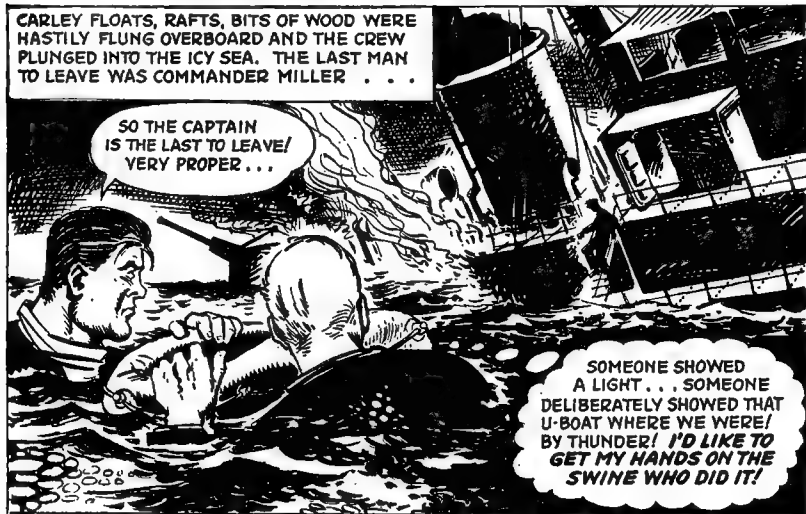


THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION RIPPED THE HULL
OPEN TO THE HOSTILE, FREEZING WATERS OF
THE ATLANTIC . . . AND THEY GUSHED INTO
THE ENGINE AND BOILER ROOMS WITH
OVERWHELMING FORCE.

THE FRIGATE . . . ON HER FIRST
OPERATIONAL VOYAGE . . . WAS
DOOMED!



CARLEY FLOATS, RAFTS, BITS OF WOOD WERE
HASTILY FLUNG OVERBOARD AND THE CREW
PLUNGED INTO THE ICY SEA. THE LAST MAN
TO LEAVE WAS COMMANDER MILLER . . .



THEN, TO THE HEARTFELT RELIEF OF THE MEN IN THE WATER, *H.M.S. WOLF* KNIFED THROUGH THE GREY SEAS TO THE RESCUE.

OVER HERE/
HURRY IT UP,
MATES...WE'RE
FREEZING!

THEY HAVEN'T
COME A MINUTE
TOO SOON...

AS LIEUTENANT ROGERS WAS HAULED ABOARD THE DESTROYER, HE MADE A FIERCE VOW TO HIMSELF . . .

GET 'EM BELOW...
WARM BLANKETS AND
A TOT, STEP LIVELY,
THERE!

I'LL SAY
NOTHING ABOUT
THAT LIGHT...
BUT I'LL KEEP MY
EYES OPEN. I'LL
FIND OUT WHO
THE TRAITOR IS...
IF IT'S THE LAST
THING I DO!

ONCE AGAIN THE EX-CREW OF *NIMBLE* WERE WITHOUT A SHIP . . . BUT NOT FOR LONG. THE ANTI-SUBMARINE WAR WAS MOVING INTO A NEW, MORE EFFICIENT STAGE WHERE THE CONVOYS' ESCORTS' EFFORTS WERE CO-ORDINATED INTO SUPPORT GROUPS.



BUT LIEUTENANT ROGERS HAD NOT MEANT COMMANDER MILLER. HE HAD BEEN THINKING OF THE TRAITOR WHO HAD SHOWN A LIGHT TO THE U-BOAT.



AT THAT MOMENT, A CHEERY SHOUT REACHED THE THREE OFFICERS.



THE OLD COMRADES GREETED ONE ANOTHER WARMLY. LIEUTENANT BROWN, TOO, WAS PLEASED TO MEET COMMANDER BRADLEY.

I'M COMMANDING **WARLOCK** ...
IN THE SAME SUPPORT GROUP
AS **SNOWBIRD**!

IT'S AN HONOUR TO MEET
YOU, SIR. I'VE HEARD A LOT
ABOUT YOU ...

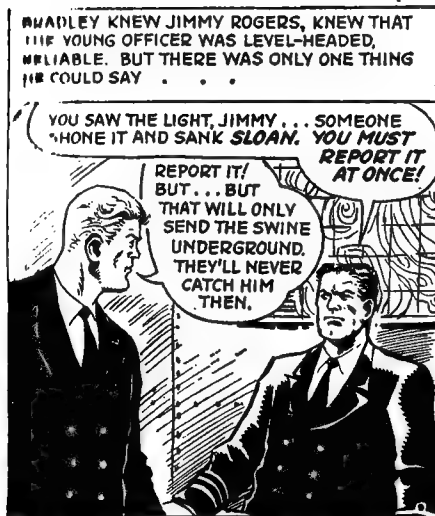


AT THE FIRST CONVENIENT MOMENT, JIMMY ROGERS ASKED BRADLEY IF HE COULD SPEAK TO HIM PRIVATELY AND THEY TALKED LATER IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN OF **H.M.S. WARLOCK** . . .

BUT IF THERE WAS A LIGHT,
JIMMY, ON YOUR OWN ADMISSION
IT COULD HAVE BEEN ANYONE
ON THE BRIDGE!

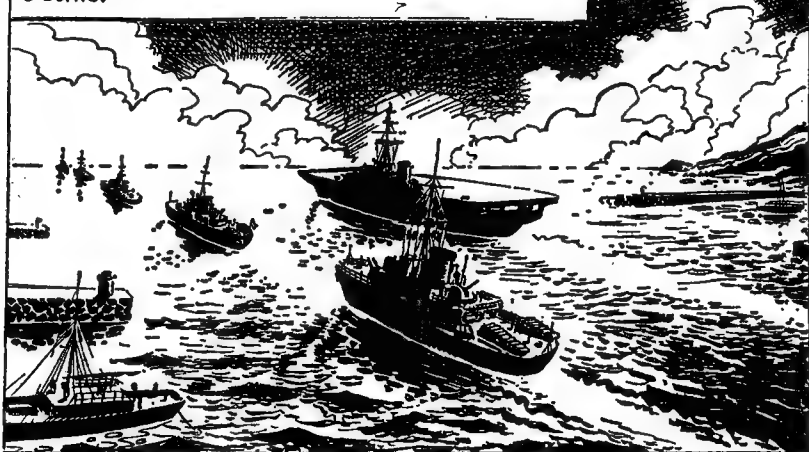
THERE WAS A
LIGHT, ALL RIGHT.
ABLE SEAMAN BRIGGS
SAW IT ... BUT HE
WAS KILLED WHEN
WE WERE KIPPERED.
I'VE NOT SPOKEN TO
ANYONE ELSE. WHAT
SHALL I DO?





Wolf Pack

SUPPORT GROUP 'W' PUT TO SEA. FIVE SLOOPS AND AN ESCORT CARRIER, DEDICATED TO FINDING, HUNTING AND DESTROYING U-BOATS!



OUT IN THE TUMBLING WATERS OF THE ATLANTIC, AN INWARD BOUND CONVOY HAD BEEN UNDER ATTACK FOR DAYS . . . AND THE WOLF PACK HAD BEEN BARELY HELD OFF BY THE NAVAL ESCORT SHIPS.

SIGNAL WESTERN APPROACHES H.Q. WOLF PACK DRIVEN OFF. THEY ARE PROBABLY REGROUPING. SEND OUR POSITION.

'AYE AYE, SIR.

I SUPPOSE A SUPPORT GROUP'LL GO AFTER THE U-BOATS. LUCKY BLIGHTERS! AT LEAST THEY CAN HIT BACK AND NOT JUST TAKE IT ALL THE TIME.



AT WESTERN APPROACHES H.Q. IN LIVERPOOL, THE MESSAGE WAS ACTED UPON IMMEDIATELY. ANOTHER MOVE WAS MADE IN THE GREAT CHESS GAME OF GLOBAL WAR AT SEA.



ON THE BRIDGE OF THE COMMAND SLOOP, **H.M.S. HAWK**, CAPTAIN KNIGHT SMILED MIRTHLESSLY AS THE SIGNAL CAME IN.

A JOB ALREADY, JOE. WOLF PACK... SOMETHING TO GET OUR TEETH INTO.



CAPTAIN KNIGHT TURNED GRIM EYES ON HIS LIEUTENANT COMMANDER AS HE PAUSED...

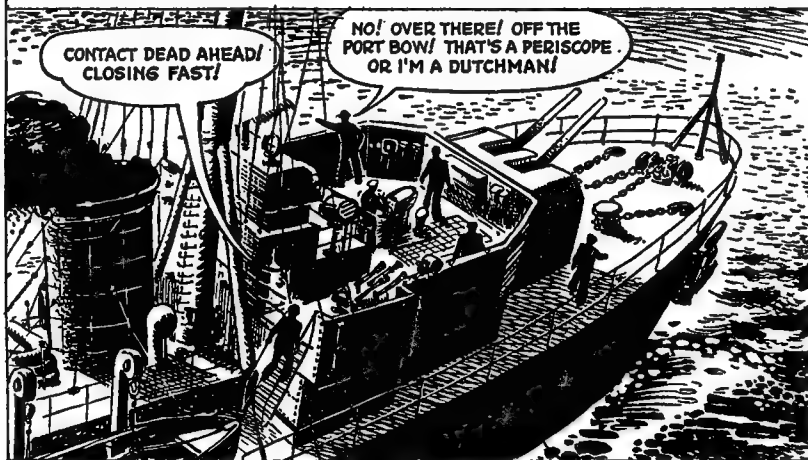
SNOWBIRD, EH? THERE'S SOMETHING NOT RIGHT WITH THAT SHIP, YET MILLER'S A GOOD COMMANDER.



BUT DOUBTS ABOUT *SNOWBIRD'S* EFFICIENCY COULD NOT AFFECT THE PART SHE MUST PLAY IN THE OVERALL PLAN OF ATTACK OF SUPPORT GROUP 'W'.



TURBINES WHINING, *SNOWBIRD* SLICED THROUGH THE WATER AT FULL SPEED. THEN AN EXCITED SHOUT CAME FROM HER ASDIC HUT . . .



JIMMY ROGERS JUST REACHED THE BRIDGE AS COMMANDER MILLER GAVE NEW DIRECTIONS TO THE HELMSMAN . . . DIRECTIONS THAT SWUNG **SNOWBIRD** AT RIGHT ANGLES TO HER PREVIOUS COURSE . . .



UNABLE TO REPRESS HIS SHOCKED EXCLAMATION, ROGERS SHOUTED AT HIS CAPTAIN . . .

BUT YOU'RE TURNING AWAY FROM THE CONTACT, SIR! SHE'S GOING AWAY TO STARBOARD ... WE'VE LOST HER!

I AM STEERING TO RAM THAT U-BOAT OUT THERE, NUMBER ONE! LOOK FOR YOURSELF!



ROGERS LOOKED . . . BUT THERE WAS NO SIGN OF A U-BOAT AMID THE WHITE-CRESTED ROLLERS.

THERE'S NOTHING THERE, SIR!



AT THAT MOMENT THE EERIE ASDIC ECHO FADED AND DIED ...
CONTACT LOST!

CAPTAIN KNIGHT YELLED HIMSELF
HOARSE OVER THE TALK-BETWEEN-
SHIPS. A CONTACT THAT SHOULD
HAVE LED TO A CERTAIN KILL HAD
BEEN LOST . . . **BY SNOWBIRD!**

WHAT THE
BLUE BLAZES IS
THE MATTER WITH
YOU, **SNOWBIRD?**
YOU HAD THE CONTACT
. . . WHY THE DEVIL
DID YOU TURN
TO PORT?

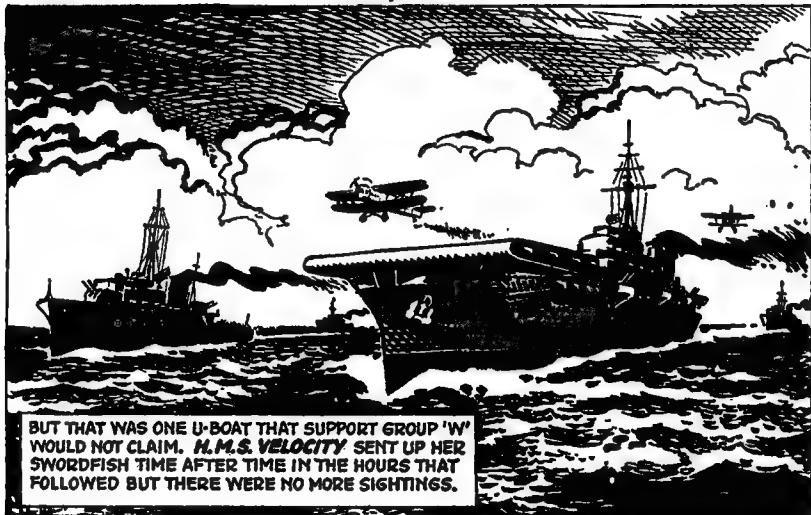


COMMANDER MILLER SEEMED QUITE UNRUFFLED
AS HE ANSWERED . . .

I OBTAINED A VISUAL
CONTACT ON THE PORT SIDE AND
TURNED TO INTERCEPT. . . I'M
SORRY WE LOST THE
CONTACT . . .

YOU'RE SORRY!
WELL, SO AM I!
ALL RIGHT. . .
SEARCH PATTERN
. . . AND JUMP
TO IT,
SNOWBIRD!





BUT THAT WAS ONE U-BOAT THAT SUPPORT GROUP 'W' WOULD NOT CLAIM. *H.M.S. VELOCITY* SENT UP HER SWORDFISH TIME AFTER TIME IN THE HOURS THAT FOLLOWED BUT THERE WERE NO MORE SIGHTINGS.

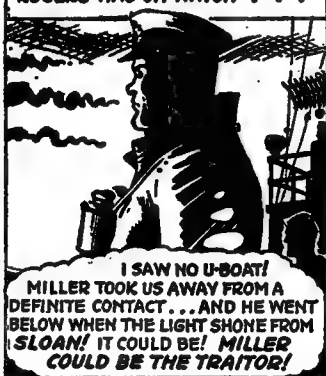
ON *H.M.S. HAWK*, CAPTAIN KNIGHT SETTLED HIMSELF DOURLY FOR AN ALL NIGHT VIGIL.



HOT DRINK, SIR...

THANKS, BAKER. I'M GOING TO NEED IT TONIGHT. THAT WOLF PACK IS AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE ... AND WE'RE GOING TO FIND IT!

ALL NIGHT, THE UNRELENTING SEARCH WENT ON. THE GHOSTLY PINGING OF THE ASDIC ON EVERY SHIP OF THE SUPPORT GROUP ONLY SERVED TO EMPHASISE THE MONOTONY OF THE TASK. ON *SNOWBIRD*, JIMMY ROGERS WAS ON WATCH . . .



I SAW NO U-BOAT! MILLER TOOK US AWAY FROM A DEFINITE CONTACT . . . AND HE WENT BELOW WHEN THE LIGHT SHONE FROM *SLOAN*! IT COULD BE! MILLER COULD BE THE TRAITOR!

Wolf Pack

IN THE COLD EARLY MORNING LIGHT, THE SWORDFISH TOOK OFF ONCE MORE. AS THE MIST LIFTED OFF THE SEA, THE PILOT OF THE FIRST ONE AIRBORNE GAVE A STARTLED EXCLAMATION . . .

HELLO! WHAT'S **SNOWBIRD** DOING OUT HERE? SHE'S MILES OFF COURSE!

SHALL I FLASH THE GROUP COMMANDER, SIR?

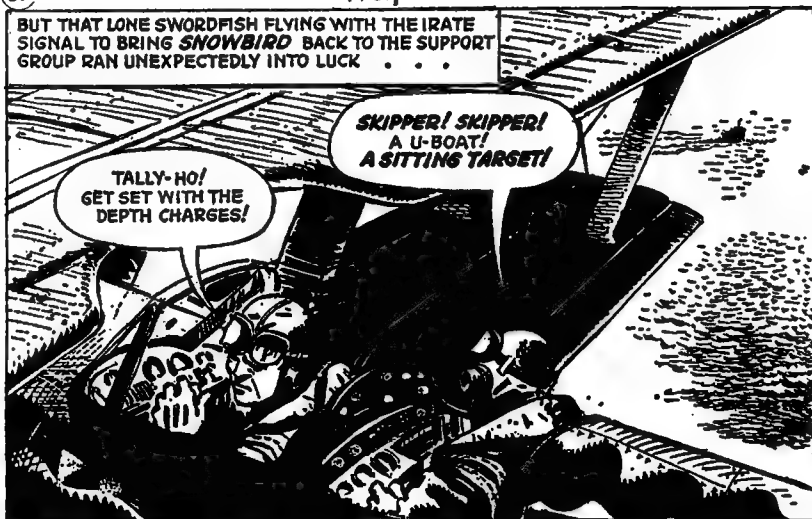
WHEN CAPTAIN KNIGHT RECEIVED THE NEWS THAT **SNOWBIRD** HAD STRAYED, HE WAS FURIOUS. STRICT WIRELESS SILENCE WAS BEING OBSERVED SO HE HAD TO DETACH ONE OF THE AIRCRAFT TO SHEPHERD HER BACK. THE ALDIS SIGNALLING LAMP CLATTERED FEVERISHLY...

... AND TELL **SNOWBIRD** TO GET BACK INTO STATION BEFORE I KEELHAUL EVERY MAN JACK ABOARD!

SWORDFISH
TAKING OFF NOW. . .

Wolf Pack

BUT THAT LONE SWORDFISH FLYING WITH THE IRATE SIGNAL TO BRING *SNOWBIRD* BACK TO THE SUPPORT GROUP RAN UNEXPECTEDLY INTO LUCK . . .



TALLY-HO!
GET SET WITH THE
DEPTH CHARGES!

SKIPPER! SKIPPER!
A U-BOAT!
A SITTING TARGET!

THE SWORDFISH WENT INTO A SHALLOW DIVE . . . AND STILL IT HAD NOT BEEN SIGHTED. ITS DEPTH CHARGES EXPLODED RIGHT ALONGSIDE THE HALF-SUBMERGED U-BOAT . . . DEVASTATINGLY.



MEANWHILE, ABOARD *SNOWBIRD*, COMMANDER MILLER HAD DISCOVERED THAT HIS SHIP WAS OUT OF STATION.



I GAVE A COURSE FOR THE NIGHT. WHY THE DEVIL WAS IT NOT FOLLOWED?

BUT WE STEERED ON THE COURSE THE NAVIGATOR, LIEUTENANT BROWN, PASSED ON TO US, SIR.

... AND I OBEYED YOUR INSTRUCTIONS, SIR!

COMMANDER MILLER'S FACE TWISTED WITH FURY
AND HE RANTED AT THEM . . .

YOU'RE NOT FIT
TO BE OFFICERS OF THE
ROYAL NAVY, EITHER OF
YOU! YOU'VE LET ME DOWN
AND I SHAN'T FORGET IT!
NOW GET THIS SHIP
BACK ON COURSE...



IT WAS BROWN WHO BROACHED THE SUBJECT IN THE
FOREFRONT OF ROGER'S MIND . . .

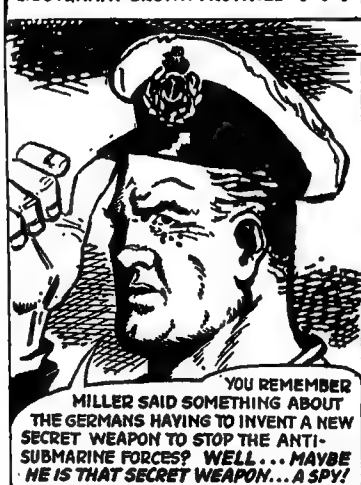
THERE'S SOMETHING
THE MATTER WITH THE SKIPPER,
JIMMY. HE'S NOT WELL . . .
OR . . .

OR MAYBE
HE ISN'T WHAT
HE PRETENDS!





LIEUTENANT BROWN FROWNED . . .



AND THEN LIEUTENANT BROWN SPOKE THE WORDS THAT ROGERS HAD BEEN DREADING . . .



Chapter 3. *Desperate Gamble*

AS LIEUTENANT ROGERS WORRIED OVER HIS PROBLEM, CAPTAIN KNIGHT COMMANDING SUPPORT GROUP 'W' CAME TO A DECISION.

BREAK
OFF THE SEARCH,
VELOCITY. WE'RE
GOING HUNTING
ELSEWHERE.

WE GOT ONE
OF THE BLIGHTERS,
SIR. IT HASN'T BEEN
A COMPLETE
WASHOUT.

THE GRIM ANGER THAT BLAZED FROM CAPTAIN KNIGHT'S BLUE EYES CHILLED HIS LIEUTENANT COMMANDER.

ONE MISERABLE
U-BOAT, JOE! I WANT
THE WHOLE PACK, HERE,
IN MY HANDS!

CONVOY REPORTS
NO CONTACT AT ALL,
SIR. BUT THEY MUST
BE ABOUT . . .

CAPTAIN KNIGHT HATED U-BOATS . . . BUT THAT HATE DID NOT BLIND HIM. IT ADDED A FINER CUTTING EDGE TO HIS ANTI-SUBMARINE TECHNIQUE.



THE PACK IS REGROUPING. WE'LL CATCH 'EM TONIGHT. . . BEFORE THEY MOVE IN AGAIN ON THE CONVOY. KEEP EVERYONE ON THEIR TOES.

AYE AYE, SIR.

ABOARD *H.M.S. SNOWBIRD*, THE LAST ACT OF THE DRAMA OPENED WITH JIMMY ROGERS DEEP IN CONVERSATION WITH LIEUTENANT BROWN . . .

IF WE GET IN AMONG THE WOLF PACK TONIGHT THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT MILLER WILL DO. HE COULD CAUSE THE DEATHS OF A LOT OF GOOD MEN.

A LOT OF GOOD MEN WILL DIE, WHATEVER HE DOES... BUT YOU'RE RIGHT. YOU'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

WE CAN'T TOUCH HIM YET. BUT THE MINUTE HE MAKES THE SLIGHTEST SUSPICIOUS MOVE... I'LL ARREST HIM!



Wolf Pack

SUPPORT GROUP 'W' WERE NOW FOLLOWING THE PATHS OF THE CONVOY, KEEPING JUST BELOW THE HORIZON. THERE THEY HOPED TO COME UPON U-BOATS REGROUPING FOR THE NIGHT'S KILLING.



COMMANDER MILLER WAS ON THE BRIDGE OF *SNOWBIRD*, AS SHARP-TEMPERED AS EVER.



FURTIVELY WATCHING HIS SKIPPER, LIEUTENANT ROGERS FELT THE DARK WELLS OF ANGER WITHIN HIM SPILLING OVER . . .

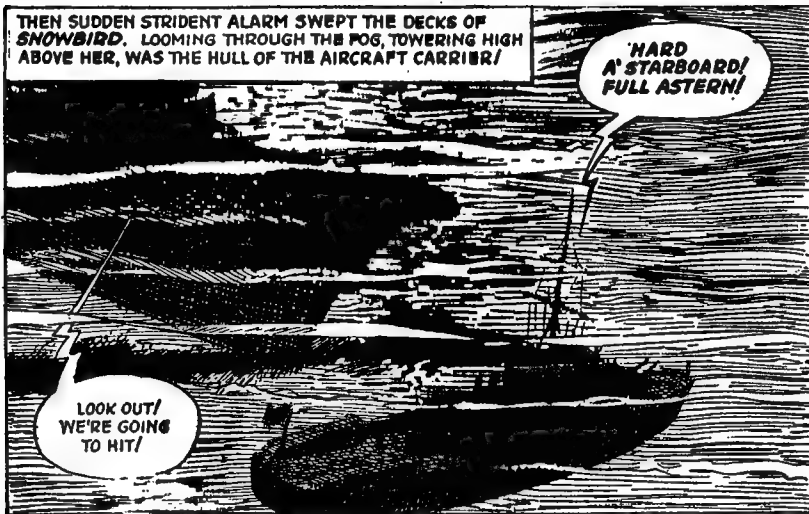
HE'S NERVOUS . . . DOES HE SUSPECT THAT I'M ON TO HIM? I WISH I COULD MAKE UP MY MIND WHAT TO DO . . .



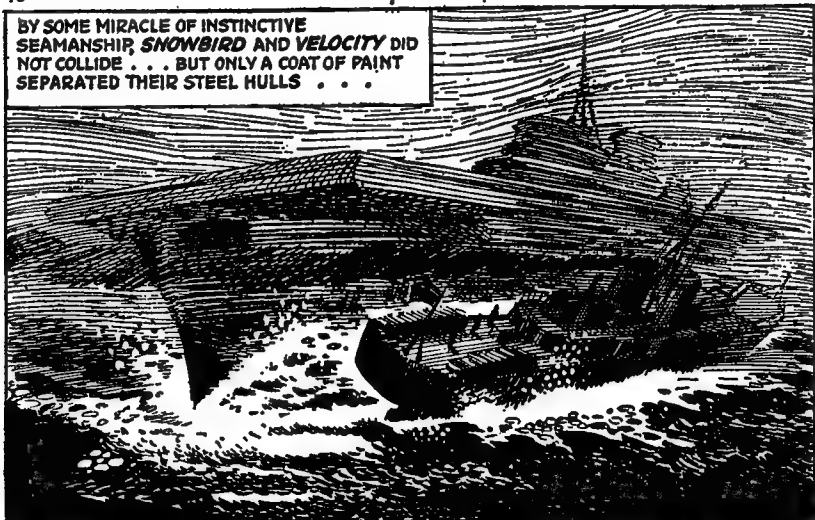
THEN SUDDEN STRIDENT ALARM SWEEPED THE DECKS OF *SNOWBIRD*. LOOMING THROUGH THE FOG, TOWERING HIGH ABOVE HER, WAS THE HULL OF THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER!

HARD A' STARBOARD! FULL ASTERN!

LOOK OUT! WE'RE GOING TO HIT!



BY SOME MIRACLE OF INSTINCTIVE SEAMANSHIP, *SNOWBIRD* AND *VELOCITY* DID NOT COLLIDE . . . BUT ONLY A COAT OF PAINT SEPARATED THEIR STEEL HULLS . . .



SHOT OFF THEIR FEET BY THAT VIOLENT PLUNGING MANOEUVRE, THE MEN ON THE BRIDGE OF THE SLOOP CLAWED BACK TO THEIR FEET.

BY HEAVENS, QUARTERMASTER, YOU NEARLY RAMMED *VELOCITY*! YOU INCOMPETENT...



WAIT, SIR... IT WASN'T THE HELMSMAN'S FAULT... SEE HERE...

TENSELY, ROGERS HELD UP THE TINY MAGNET HE HAD ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERED AS THE LURCH HAD THROWN HIM AGAINST THE BINNACLE.

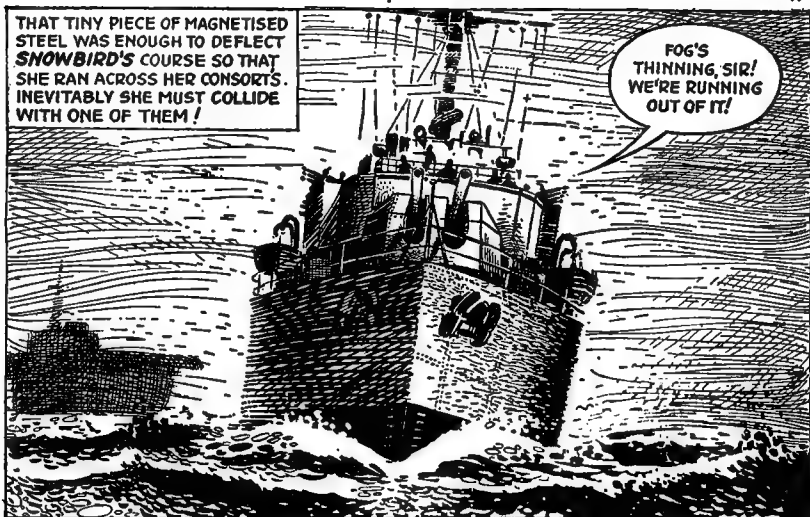
LOOK, A MAGNET! JUST ENOUGH TO RUN US OFF COURSE IN THIS FOG...



I SEE! SO THAT EXPLAINS WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON ABOARD MY SHIP! WELL... I KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH THIS!

THAT TINY PIECE OF MAGNETISED STEEL WAS ENOUGH TO DEFLECT **SNOWBIRD'S** COURSE SO THAT SHE RAN ACROSS HER CONSORTS. INEVITABLY SHE MUST COLLIDE WITH ONE OF THEM!

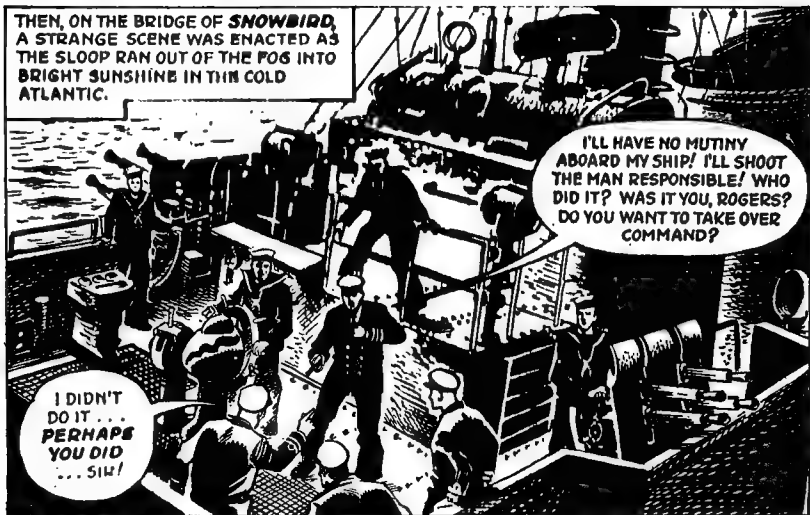
FOG'S THINNING, SIR! WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF IT!



THEN, ON THE BRIDGE OF **SNOWBIRD**, A STRANGE SCENE WAS ENACTED AS THE SLOOP RAN OUT OF THE FOG INTO BRIGHT SUNSHINE IN THE COLD ATLANTIC.

I'LL HAVE NO MUTINY ABOARD MY SHIP! I'LL SHOOT THE MAN RESPONSIBLE! WHO DID IT? WAS IT YOU, ROGERS? DO YOU WANT TO TAKE OVER COMMAND?

I DIDN'T DO IT... PERHAPS YOU DID... SIR!



MILLER'S ONLY ANSWER WAS AN ENRAGED BELLOW AND HIS FINGER TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGER OF THE HEAVY REVOLVER . . .

DIDN'T YOU SHOW A LIGHT TO THAT U-BOAT WHEN SLOAN WAS SUNK? DIDN'T YOU GIVE THE WRONG COURSE ... AND NOW TRIED TO RAM VELOCITY?



THE REVOLVER LIFTED MENACINGLY TOWARDS JIMMY ROGERS . . .

SILENCE! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! YOU CAN'T TALK TO YOUR CAPTAIN LIKE THAT AND GET AWAY WITH IT! I'M NO TRAITOR!



CONTACT!
STRONG, BEARING
GREEN-TWO-ZERO,
RANGE TWO
THOUSAND AND
CLOSING!

INSTANTLY EVERYONE STARED OUT ACROSS THE STARBOARD BOW . . . EVERYONE EXCEPT LIEUTENANT BROWN!

A U-BOAT! THERE IT IS!
I'M NOT IMAGINING THINGS
THIS TIME! TURN ON TO
THAT COURSE ... FULL
REVOLUTIONS!

NOW'S YOUR CHANCE
TO GRAB MILLER,
JIMMY!



NO! THAT'LL
HAVE TO WAIT! THERE'S
A U-BOAT OUT THERE WE
HAVE TO ATTEND TO
FIRST!

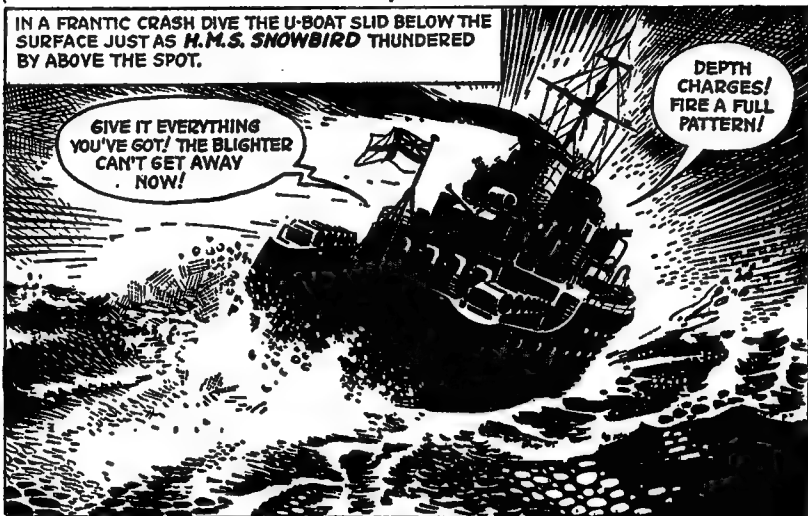


Wolf Pack

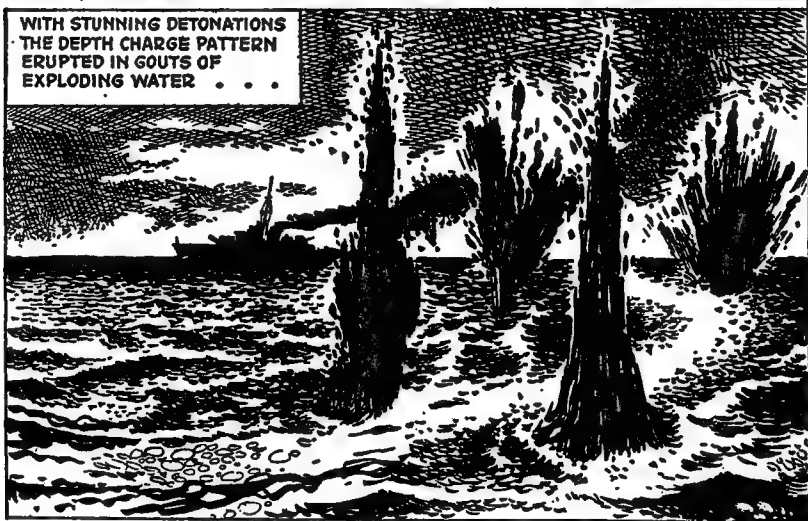
IN A FRANTIC CRASH DIVE THE U-BOAT SLID BELOW THE SURFACE JUST AS *H.M.S. SNOWBIRD* THUNDERED BY ABOVE THE SPOT.

GIVE IT EVERYTHING
YOU'VE GOT! THE BLIGHTER
CAN'T GET AWAY
NOW!

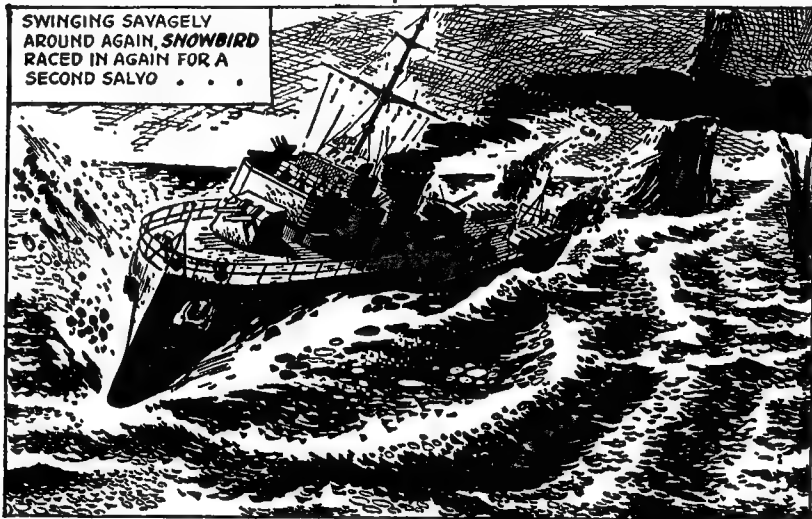
DEPTH
CHARGES!
FIRE A FULL
PATTERN!



WITH STUNNING DETONATIONS
THE DEPTH CHARGE PATTERN
ERUPTED IN GOUTS OF
EXPLODING WATER . . .



SWINGING SAVAGELY
AROUND AGAIN, **SNOWBIRD**
RACED IN AGAIN FOR A
SECOND SALVO . . .



LIEUTENANT ROGERS FELT A
CONFUSION OF DOUBT SWEEP
OVER HIM.

THERE HE IS!
STAND BY
GUN CREWS!

MILLER'S SMASHING
HOME THIS ATTACK . . .
HE CAN'T BE A TRAITOR!
HE'S REALLY AFTER
THAT U-BOAT!



IN THE GRIM BUSINESS OF U-BOAT WARFARE, SUBMARINES FORCED TO THE SURFACE WERE SELDOM GIVEN ANOTHER CHANCE.

DO NOT SHOOT!
WE SURRENDER!

WELL I'M BLOWED! THE
SO-AND-SO'S SURRENDERING!

SNOWBIRD
TO **HAWK!** HAVE
CAPTURED A U-BOAT!
REQUEST
ORDERS!



CAPTAIN KNIGHT LOST NO TIME IN SENDING HIS ORDERS TO COMMANDER MILLER.

WELL DONE, **SNOWBIRD!** THE BOFFINS
WILL GIVE THEIR EYE-TEETH FOR THE SECRETS
ABOARD THAT U-BOAT. PUT PRIZE CREW
ABOARD TO STOP THEM SCUTTLING!



I'LL GO, SIR.
I SPEAK GERMAN.

VERY WELL. YOU
KNOW WHAT TO DO.
THIS IS A GREAT
DAY, INDEED!

LIEUTENANT BROWN AND A BOAT'S
CREW WERE SOON ROWING ACROSS THE
INTERVENING STRETCH OF WATER.
THOUGHTFULLY, ROGERS WATCHED
THEM GO.



THERE IS A
TRAITOR ABOARD **SNOWBIRD**
... BUT IT DOESN'T LOOK TO
BE MILLER NOW, **BROWN?**
BUT IT COULDN'T BE ...

YOU AND I HAVE
SOMETHING TO SETTLE,
NUMBER ONE. WHAT'S ALL
THIS ABOUT A SPY ABOARD?



THEN JIMMY ROGERS REMEMBERED HOW LIEUTENANT BROWN HAD BADGERED HIM INTO TAKING ACTION AGAINST THIS MAN BEFORE HIM . . . THIS MAN WHO WAS WITHOUT DOUBT A LOYAL OFFICER OF THE ROYAL NAVY . . .



IN A FEW MOMENTS, IT WAS DECIDED THAT JIMMY SHOULD TAKE SOME MORE MEN TO THE U-BOAT . . . BUT QUICKLY AND WITHOUT ALARMING BROWN.



AS THE CUTTER NEARED THE U-BOAT, ROGERS HAILED HER, WITH STARTLING SUDDENNESS, THE TRUE SITUATION WAS REVEALED.

AHOY THERE...

THE ENGLANDERS HAVE SENT ANOTHER BOAT! I WILL HOLD THEM OFF! HURRY BELOW ... SCHNELL!



SAVAGELY JIMMY ROGERS RETURNED THE FIRE, HOSING THE CONNING TOWER WITH A LETHAL STREAM OF LEAD.



SO BROWN WAS THE TRAITOR! HE'S GIVING THE JERRIES TIME TO SCUTTLE THEIR BOAT!

BUT SCUTTling WAS VERY FAR FROM THE MIND OF LEUTNANT KURT BRAUN . . . ALIAS LIEUTENANT BROWN, R.N.V.R!



SHE IS STEAMING RIGHT ACROSS OUR BOWS! ONE BLOW FOR THE THIRD REICH BEFORE THE END! THOSE ENGLANDERS WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT THEM!

EVEN AS JIMMY ROGERS SCRAMBLED ABOARD THE U-BOAT, HE SAW THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER . . . AND GUESSED BROWN'S INTENTION.

GOOD GRIEF!
VELOCITY! BROWN
MEANS TO KIPPER HER
BEFORE HE GOES
DOWN!



WITH A FIERCE SHOUT, ROGERS PLUNGED DOWN INTO THE U-BOAT, HIS TOMMY GUN BLAZING LURIDLY.

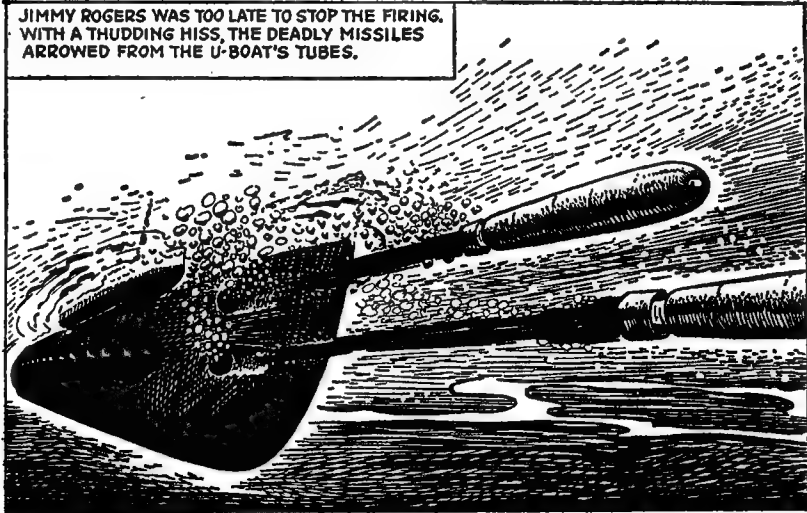
NO YOU DON'T,
BROWN!

ROGERS!

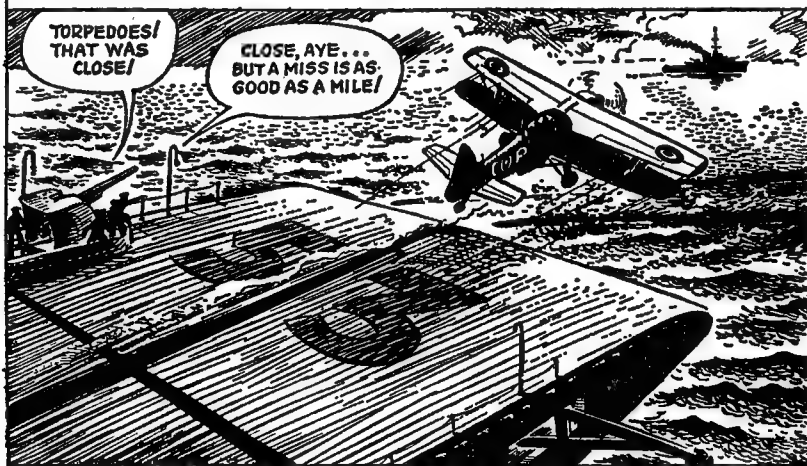
FIRE THE
TORPEDO...
AAAGH!



JIMMY ROGERS WAS TOO LATE TO STOP THE FIRING. WITH A THUDDING HISS, THE DEADLY MISSILES ARROWED FROM THE U-BOAT'S TUBES.



BUT HIS INTERVENTION ABOARD THE U-BOAT HAD NOT BEEN IN VAIN . . . FOR THE TORPEDOES HAD BEEN FIRED A FRACTION TOO SOON . . .



TORPEDOES!
THAT WAS
CLOSE!

CLOSE, AYE . . .
BUT A MISS IS AS
GOOD AS A MILE!

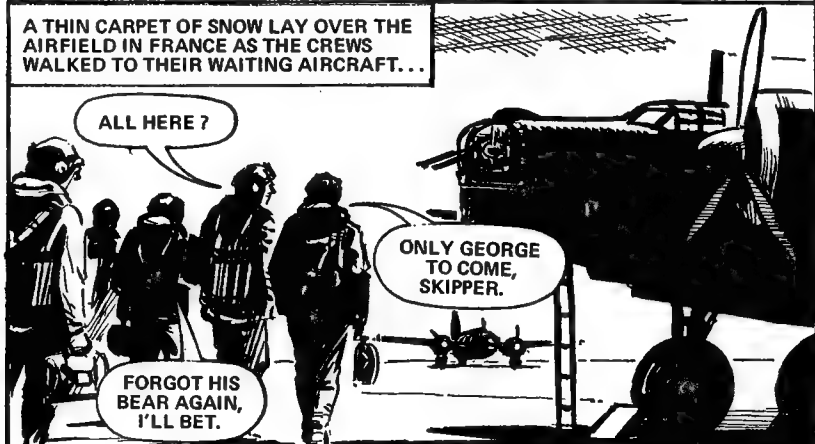
Wolf Pack

IN THE SHAMBLES OF THE U-BOAT'S CONTROL ROOM, LIEUTENANT JIMMY ROGERS, R.N., LOOKED DOWN ON THE FACE OF THE MAN WHO WAS A NAZI SPY . . . THE MAN WHO HAD BEEN HIS FRIEND.

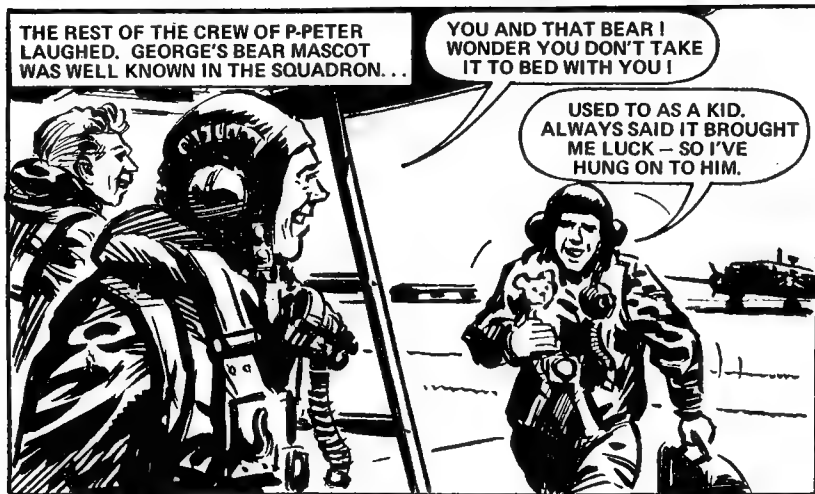


PRIDE OF PLACE

A THIN CARPET OF SNOW LAY OVER THE AIRFIELD IN FRANCE AS THE CREWS WALKED TO THEIR WAITING AIRCRAFT...



THE REST OF THE CREW OF P-PETER LAUGHED. GEORGE'S BEAR MASCOT WAS WELL KNOWN IN THE SQUADRON...



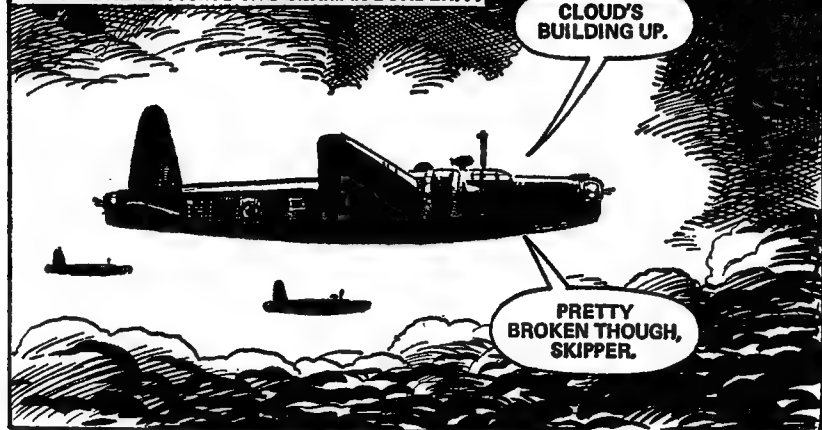
THE CREW TOOK THEIR POSITIONS. GEORGE CLAMBERED DOWN TO THE TAIL TURRET...



SOON THEY WERE TAXIING OUT FOR TAKE-OFF. THEIR TARGET WAS NOT OF VITAL MILITARY IMPORTANCE FOR THIS WAS THE PHONEY WAR OF 1939. THEY WERE TO DROP PROPAGANDA LEAFLETS OVER GERMAN TERRITORY...



THEY LIFTED OFF THE RUNWAY AND HEADED NORTH EAST. IN TWENTY MINUTES THEY WERE CROSSING THE GERMAN BORDER...

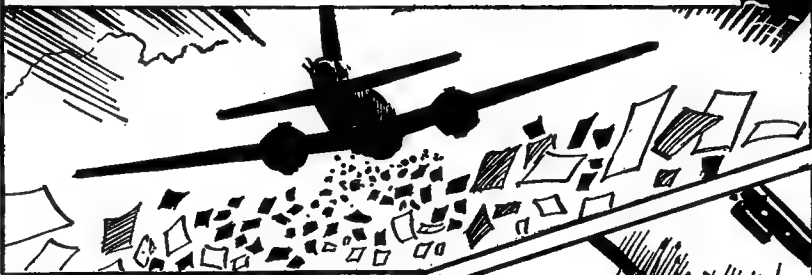


AS THEY CAME OVER THEIR 'TARGET', THE PILOT BROUGHT THE BOMBER DOWN THROUGH THE CLOUD...

BEGINNING
RUN NOW.
GET READY...

A black and white comic panel showing a bomber plane in a steep dive. The plane is viewed from a low angle, emphasizing its speed and descent. It is flying through a layer of clouds. In the background, another smaller aircraft is visible. The scene is dynamic, with motion lines suggesting rapid movement.

BACK INSIDE THE FUSELAGE, THE BUNDLES OF LEAFLETS WERE TUMBLED DOWN THE FLARE CHUTE AND OUT INTO THE SLIPSTREAM...



THEIR TASK WAS SOON
COMPLETED AND THEY TURNED
FOR HOME. THEN...

FLAK! WHERE
THE DEVIL
DID THAT
COME FROM?

A black and white comic panel showing the interior of a cockpit. Two pilots are visible. The pilot on the right is wearing goggles and looking towards the left with a concerned expression. The pilot on the left is also looking in the same direction. The cockpit is filled with various instruments and controls, rendered in a detailed, hatched style.

THEY DIDN'T
MENTION THIS
AT BRIEFING!

THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FROM THE VICIOUS SHELL BURSTS. IN THE REAR TURRET GEORGE FELT THE SHRAPNEL SMASHING INTO THE FUSELAGE BEHIND HIM...

THAT WAS TOO CLOSE...



HE TURNED AND TRIED THE HATCH BEHIND HIM. IT WAS JAMMED FAST.



THAT'S DONE
IT I CAN'T
GET OUT NOW...

GEORGE DID NOT KNOW IT BUT THE FUSELAGE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR WAS BURNING FURIOUSLY...



WE'RE
ALIGHT,
SKIPPER!

CONTROLS ARE
SHOT TOO. SHE'S
FLYING LIKE A
LEAD BALLOON!

THE PILOT STRUGGLED DESPERATELY TO KEEP AIRBORNE, BUT HE KNEW IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME...



WE'RE OVER
THE FRENCH BORDER,
SKIPPER!

THAT DECIDES
IT - WE'LL HAVE
TO JUMP!

RIGHT! GET
THE OTHERS
OUT, HARRY.

THE PILOT PASSED THE WORD OVER THE INTERCOM. BUT THERE WAS NO REPLY FROM THE REAR TURRET...



HE MUST
HAVE BOUGHT IT!
THE REAR END'S
LIKE A
FURNACE!

HE WAITED UNTIL THE LAST MAN HAD JUMPED CLEAR. THEN HE LEFT THE CONTROLS...



BETTER
BE QUICK
OR I'LL
NOT MAKE
IT!

GEORGE COULD FEEL THE HEAT ON HIS BACK NOW AS THE AIRCRAFT BEGAN TO DIVE DOWN. HE KNEW HE COULD NOT ESCAPE...

YOU'VE
LET ME DOWN
THIS TIME!
AND THE
OTHERS...

THE WELLINGTON HIT THE GROUND AT 150 MPH. GEORGE FELT THE IMPACT AND THEN BLACKNESS OVERWHELMED HIM...

WHEN HE CAME ROUND HE WAS TWENTY YARDS FROM THE BLAZING WRECKAGE. THE GUN TURRET LAY NEAR HIM, TWISTED ALMOST BEYOND RECOGNITION...

NO-ONE
COULD SURVIVE
IN THAT...

AS HIS SENSES CLEARED HE CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF ANOTHER SHAPE IN THE SNOW...



HE KNEW THEY HAD COME DOWN IN FRANCE AND HALF A MILE AWAY HE COULD SEE A CLUSTER OF HOUSES...



WHEN HE REACHED THE FIRST HOUSE LIGHT WAS STREAMING FROM ONE OF THE WINDOWS. HE WENT TO THE BACK DOOR AND KNOCKED ON IT...



IT WOULD HAVE BEEN DIFFICULT TO SAY WHO WAS MORE SURPRISED. GEORGE OR THE REST OF THE CREW AS THEY STOOD AND STARED AT EACH OTHER...



Published each month by IPC Magazines Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4A 4AD. Printed by Fleetway Printers, Gravesend, Kent. Subscription facilities (inland and overseas) are not now available. Sole Agents: Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd. WAR PICTURE LIBRARY is sold subject to the following conditions, that it shall not without the written consent of the Publishers first given be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price shown on the cover, selling price in £ire subject to VAT; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition, or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

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